

# Forty Hearty Laughs in This Page of Comics.

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## HARD TRAINING.



VASSAR '03—Aren't you going to join the basket ball team?  
VASSAR '04—No, indeed. That horrid trainer said I would have to limit myself to two pounds of candy a day.

## EXCUSABLE.



JACK—I'm surprised to see you wearing a bird on your hat. I thought you belonged to the Audubon Society.  
MABEL—I do, but the milliner assured me that this bird died a natural death.

## EASY.



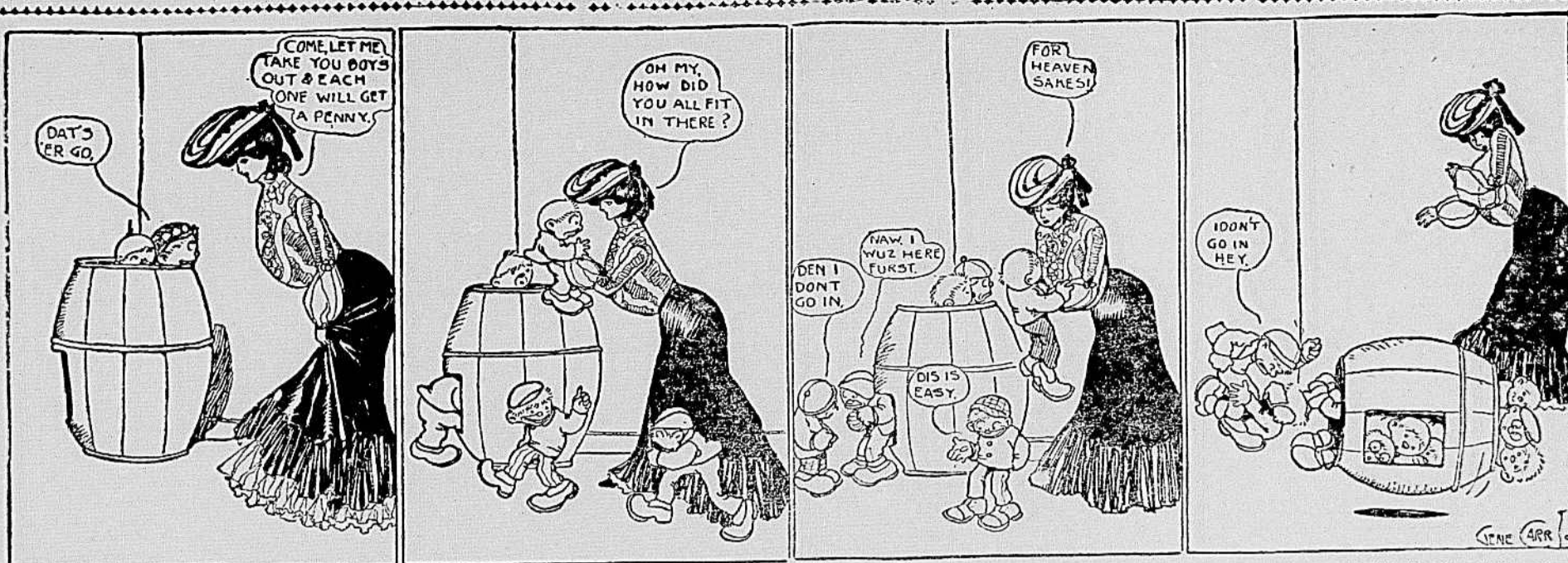
MISS GOLDBERG—Ah, Count, you love me now, but will you after our union?  
COUNT KAPUT—Loaf! Vy, mein darling, I will be one grand loafer all mine life.

## A WAR OF WORDS.



MICKEY—I'll bet a nickel I kin lick you.  
JIMMIE—Say, I wouldn't think o' takin' money fer tickin' you. It'd be just like gittin' paid for eatin' pie.

## LADY BOUNTIFUL DISCOVERS A BARREL OF TROUBLE.



## BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.



"I gave Chumpley a lot of my furniture last Spring to help furnish his new flat."  
"And what of it?"  
"Why, he's just sent me a bill for store."

## MEETING THE GOVERNOR.



"Who are you, little girl?"  
"I'm yer son's future wife, sir."

## WELL TRAINED.



"Is he a good dog for...?"  
"I guess so; de feller I bought him off wuz a burglar."

## SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.



"I don't see how he manages to dress so well on his salary."  
"He doesn't dress on his salary. He dresses on credit."

## JARRED.



"Oh, Willie, what is it?"  
"Me love!"  
"Aw, chaso yerself! I thought it was candy."

## ALL TRADES SUFFER.



"Fire alarm put in, miss?"  
"No; we can't afford a fire."

## A LARGE FEE.



BIGGS—What did the doctor charge for taking that coal dust out of your eye?  
BOGGS—He kept the coal.

## IT MIGHT PROVE FATAL.

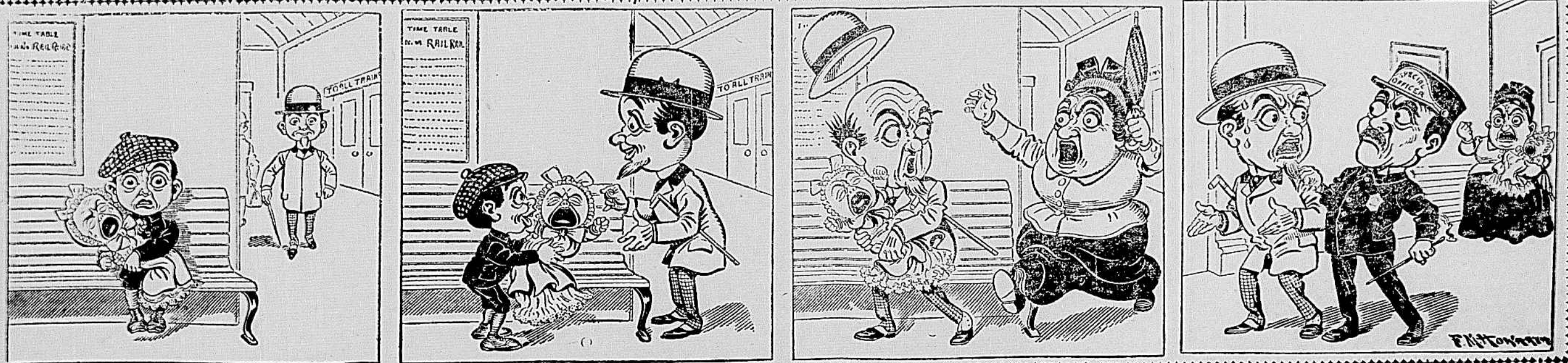


THE PARSON—If you will return to your home I'm sure your father will run to meet you and fall on your neck.  
THE PRODIGAL—I hope not. The old man weighs three hundred pounds.

## LADY BOUNTIFUL MIXES UP IN THE COAL TROUBLES.



## MR. E. Z. MARK LENDS A HELPING HAND.



THE BOY—Gee! dat woman as gived me a nicker ter hold dis kid till she came back better 'd come back. I wish some soft guy 'd come along an' take de job off me hands.

THE BOY—Yes, sur; dis kid is lost; I was just a tryin' t' keep de poor t'ing quiet.  
MISTER E. Z.—Noble lad! Here is a quarter for your kindness of heart. Give the infant to me. I will take it to the "Lost and Found Bureau."

EXCITED FEMALE (appearing on the scene)—Stop thief! Help! Stop the kidnapper! He's stealin' me child!

THE OFFICER—rut, tut, tut. Make yer explanations to de Chief. Dis 'kid rappin' business is a serious matter. You'll git your name in de papers, you will.

## LITERAL.



PA—How do you stand in school, Tommy?  
TOMMY—Oh, I stands on me head when de teacher ain't lookin'!

## HE NEEDS IT.



MRS. BRAMBLE—I never say a cross word to my husband when he has been out with the boys.  
MRS. THORNE—You heap coals of fire on his head, do you?  
MRS. BRAMBLE—Oh, no; cracked ice is much better.

## A TRUE TALE.



THE KID—Tell me a true story—do one about de time de shark ate yer up.  
THE SALT—Which time? I wuz et twicet, you know.

## OVERLOOKED.



"What did you strike that boy for?"  
"Well, I bought fourteen papers off him, and dey aint a line in one of dem of our engagement."